

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1788.

Volume XXII.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1886.

Number 4,781.

POTTERY.



You must be the best man! My servant, sir! Here's Mercury, the winged messenger!

His feet equipped with sandals, (alias shoes.) His budget full of a whole year's old news, His honored patrons thus he flies to greet And lay his New Year's wishes at their feet.

Ah, friends, old Mercury has rarely known A year so solemn as the one just flown!

The graceful elm of Ashland bowed its head, And clay was gathered to the mighty dead, And now, on Marshfield's breast the fatal stroke Has prostrate laid New England's proudest oak.

And back a large crowd peeling o'er the wave— Old England lays her hero in his grave. The iron conqueror of Waterloo, The invincible, he, too, Has found his conqueror—Death's relentless dart Hath pierced the manly veteran to the heart.

Farewell—a long farewell to great and brave! The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 'Tis this end of all, then! No—ah, no! Thank Heaven! insulate Death, it is not so!

They live! the mighty minds that lit our sky, Still pour a cheering radiance from on high, They bid us shun their faults, their virtues trace, And run with firmer step life's sacred race.

Enough of solemn thought! no year can run Without its measure, more or less, of fun. Even in the serious strife of politics A little fun occasionally will mix; Of overcasted soup a "hasty plate" Or stick of candy will a lull create.

Well, we've begun to rub the rust away, And Newport will shine up again one day, Then shall our peaceful life of beauty be The rural cottage life of the sea.

Patrons! consider, Mercury is old, Yet deem not, though so soon his tale is told, That tale a short one, ye, know full well, His aged heart with grateful memories swell.

Long hath he served you, now 't is midnight lamp Now in the bitter cold on morning tramp, Now will you deem it poor presumptuous In Mercury to ask an obolus?

(Translate it generously, friends, to day, Not cent or four pence but penny, I pray! No, bromidiem, nor coin too small to hide The honest tear of disappointed pride!) Farewell, old friends, and happy may you be, As honest hearts can wish, in '83!

AGRICULTURE.

DRILLING WHEAT.—Edward Stabler, in his admirable essay on the advantage of drill seeding, states that after examining its results on some 800 or 1,000 acres, besides large experience on his own land, he finds there is not a single instance where it has not proved the most profitable, first in the saving of seed, and secondly, in the increased product of the grain, amounting to from one to six or seven bushels per acre. He has known the increase, in one case, by careful comparison of the two modes, to amount to nine bushels per acre in favor of drilling. He relates an interesting incident: A vendor offered a drill for the increase in a crop of fifty acres of wheat, to be determined by sowing a few strips broadcast for comparison. But before harvest the farmer preferred paying the hundred dollars, the price of the drill, with interest. On carefully ascertaining the increase, he found it to be one hundred and fifty-three bushels.

Albany Cultivator.

DISCOVERY OF THE TRUE CAUSE OF THE POTATO DISEASE.—M. Bazin, an eminent French agriculturist, has made observations in Picardy and Burgundy, which satisfy him that the potato disease is caused by microscopic insects which alight on the leaves in the night time, and disappear almost instantaneously on the slightest alarm, into the earth. The depredations of these insects cover the leaves with yellow spots, which turn black afterwards; and the insects also attack the roots. It has been generally assumed that the malady consisted in a fungus growing on the plants; but M. Bazin is convinced that the fungus is exclusively caused by these insects. These same insects, it appears, have begun to attack melons.

FALL PLOUGHING OF CLAY SOILS.—This is so much better than ploughing in the spring, we hope it will come into more general practice than heretofore. By turning up the furrows to the action of the frost, it pulverizes the stiff clay in the finest manner, and makes the soil much more friable and easily worked the following season.

THE CARRYING OF APPLES in a common wagon, either before or after barreling, is injurious—they should be moved on springs or sleds.

SELECTED TALE.

ELISE DE VAUX; OR, A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

BY FANNY FENN.

"Well, doctor, what do you think of her? She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's Ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

"The blunt old doctor bit his lip impatiently, and striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentle manner upon the floor, said—

"Think! I think it would be perfect insanity for her to attempt it. I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Pshaw! my dear sir; she has had a dozen attacks before, quite as bad, and—"

"And that is the very reason she should be more cautious now. Madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven save me from these fashionable mothers," he muttered as he banged the door to behind him. "She'll kill the girl, and then her death will be laid to my door—ugh—it would be a comfort if one could meet a sensible woman occasionally!"

Elise was sitting in bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered. If youth, grace, and beauty could bribe the destroyer, or turn aside his unerring aim, then had she been spared. Her cheek was marble pale, and rested wearily on one little hand; the eyes were closed as if sleeping, and from the other hand a few choice flowers had escaped, and lay scattered upon the snowy counterpane.

"Oh! is that you, mamma? I hope you have made that stupid doctor give you something that will set me up. I feel such a deadly sinking—from want of nourishment, I fancy. Do pray see what you can get for me. I hope Dr. Wynn didn't presume to interfere about my going to the ball, because I intend to go, dead or alive; and mamma, while my lunch is getting ready, just bring me my dress, and let me see if Jeannet has placed the trimmings where they should be, and have a ruche placed around the wrist of my kid gloves; and mamma, don't forget to send to Austler's for that pearl spray I selected for my hair; and by the way, just hand me that mirror; I'm afraid I'm looking awfully pale."

"Not now," said the frightened mother, "you are too weary. Wait till you have had some refreshment," and the pale beauty sank back on her pillow, crushing a wealth of dark ringlets, and closed her eyes wearily, in spite of her determination to be well.

A ring at the door! (a bright flush came to her cheek.) "That's Vivian, mamma. Tell him—tell him (and a sharp pain through her temples forced her to pause;) tell him I'm better, and he may call for me at ten to-morrow night; and mamma hand him this;" and she drew forth a little perfumed note from beneath her pillow, with a rose-bud crushed in its folds:

"Draw aside the curtain, Jeannet! Oh! we shall have a nice evening for the dance; now hand me my dressing-gown. Mamma, that medicine is perfectly miraculous—I never felt better. Heaven knows where I should have been, had you not called in a better counsellor than Dr. Wynn. He would like me for a patient a year, I dare say; but I know better than to line his pockets that way;" and she skipped gaily across the floor to a large fauteuil and called Jeannet to arrange her hair.

"Softly—softly, Jeannet! My head isn't quite right yet. There that will do," said Elise, as the skillful French woman bound tress after tress in complicated glossy braids around her well formed head.

"Now place that pearl spray a little to the left, just over my ear,—pretty is it not mamma?"

"Rest awhile now, Elise," said her mother, as she looked apprehensively at the bright crimson spot upon her cheek, that grew deeper every moment, and contrasted so strikingly with the marble paleness of her brow. "I'm afraid you are going beyond your strength."

"Mamma, what are you thinking about? Look at me! and see how well I look— Besides, I'd go to that ball if it cost me my life. Mabel has triumphed over me once; she shall not do it a second time. Besides, there is really no danger; I feel wild with spirits to-night, and anticipate a most brilliant evening;" and she clasped the pearl pendants in her small ears; and the light, fleecy dress fell in soft folds about her graceful person, and upon her fair form placed his gift, and taking in her hand the rich bouquet, every flower of which whispered hope to her young heart, she held up her cheek with a bewitching smile and said—

"Now kiss me, mamma, and say that you are proud of Elise."

And now Jeannet, with officious care, draws the rich opera cloak about her shoulders, and with a thousand charges from mamma "to beware of the draughts, partake sparingly of ices and not weary

herself with dancing, the carriage wheels roll away from the door, freighted with their lovely burden.

"Elise de Vaux here!" said a tall, golden girl, attired in black velvet; and she curled her pretty lip with ill-concealed vexation. "I thought her dying, or near it;" and as Elise glided gracefully past in the dance, every eye following her, and every tongue eloquent in her praise, Mabel's cheek paled with anger.

"How radiant she is! how dazzling! Sicknes has but enhanced her beauty, and how proudly Vivian searches through the hall! Every step they take is on my heart strings. This must not, shall not be! Courage, coward heart!" and, mastering her feelings with a strong exercise soon brought the rose to her cheek, her eye grew wildly brilliant, and had Vivian not been magnetized past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision.

All eyes were fixed upon the rival belles and amid the voluptuous swell of music, the flashing of lights, the overpowering sweetness of myriad flowers, and the rapid, whirling motion of the dance, every brain and heart were dizzy with excitement.

"Heavens! that is not Elise de Vaux," said a nephew of Dr. Wynn's. "What mad folly! My uncle told me if she came it would be at the price of her life. How surprisingly beautiful she is!"

Still on—they whirled! the dancers! till the stars grew pale, and the sweet flowers drooped in the heated atmosphere.

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet. To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

"What unearthly beauty! said an old gentleman to a young man, upon whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past—"Who is she?"

"Elise de Vaux," said the young man, mechanically, his eyes riveted to her figure.

"Do you know what you are saying?" said he, tapping him gently on the arm.

"Yes, Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly? Has Cupid aimed a dart at you out of those lovely blue eyes?"

"Good God!" said the young man, leaping forward, as a piercing shriek came upon the air.

"Make room! help! throw up the windows!" and Elise was born past, gasping senseless, to the cool night air.

Aye, Vivian! Kneel at her side, chafe the little jeweled hands, put back the soft hair from the azure-veined temples, press the pulseless wrist, listen for the beating heart—IN VAIN! Elise is dead!

And in the arms of him for whom she had thrown away her young life, she was borne to her home. The diamond sparkled mockingly on the clay cold fingers, the pearls still lingering amid her soft ringlets, the round, symmetrical limbs still fair in their beautiful proportions. The heart she coveted was gained—the dear bought victory was won.

The Haddams.

The Yankee Blade states the following good one about "the Haddams."

Persons who have made the passage from New York to Hartford by water, must have a lively remembrance of the interminable "landings" on the Connecticut River—especially the "Haddams." A stranger to the route was on board of a Hartford boat one night, and being rather nervous he had only worn down into a quiet snooze just as the boat jingled at Saybrook. He was not fairly awakened by the first landing, but by the time the bells had jingled and the boat had raked against the wharves at Lyme and Essex, respectively, he was thoroughly aroused. In a short time the pilot's bell again sounded, ting a ling, and our traveller thrusting his head out from his berth, asked, "what place is this?"

"East Haddam," was the reply.

The usual backing, bumping and hustle was soon over, and the boat again jogged on its way. The traveller was trying to compose himself to sleep, when the bell again smote his ear with its "ting a ling, gungie gung."

"What place is this?" he asked of a passenger who was "thrashing" about the cabin, preparing to land.

"This is Haddam," was the reply.

Again the traveller essayed to snatch a brief moment of repose. Just as he was becoming insensible to the nippers of the bed-bugs, the internal bell gave another signal to stop the boat, and another passenger tumbled out to make the landing.

"What place is this?" roared the traveller, losing all patience.

"This is Old Haddam!"

"Any more Haddams on this cursed river?"

"Two more—and then a dozen more landings."

"Two more did you say?"

"Yes—Middle Haddam and Upper Haddam, and then—"

"That's enough!" shouted the traveller; "I wish the devil had 'em!"

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Ammonia—How it is Produced.

This substance is placed by agricultural chemists at the head of all fertilizers—Guano derives its chief value from its presence, as it contains over 60 per cent of it. Could it be obtained cheap in the state of a salt, like the muria (sal-ammoniac), a valuable and cheap substitute for guano could be made artificially. But it is a dear substance, and farmers cannot afford to buy it. There appears, however, to be some prospect of obtaining a cheap supply as it is stated that Prof. Gale, of the Patent Office, has recently received some crude sal-ammonia, brought from Chincha (whether the Peruvian valley or not we cannot say), which has recently been discovered in a vein like that of metallic ore, and in quantities sufficient to render it an article of commerce. Ammonia is a compound of two gases, viz. nitrogen and hydrogen. They do not combine directly in their gaseous state, but if a great number of electric sparks be passed through a mixture of them, especially if acid vapors are present, a combination takes place, and a third body—ammonia—NH3 is formed. It is always found in the rains of thunder storms, hence it is concluded that the lightning is an active agent in its formation—it is the marrying minister.—These two gases, however, readily combine in a nascent state; a piece of iron rusting in the air is almost constantly giving rise to a small portion of ammonia.

The moisture which covers the iron dissolves the atmospheric air; the oxygen of this unites with the iron to form the rust—oxide; and the pellicle of oxide constitutes with the metal a voltaic element strong enough to decompose water. The oxygen thus set at liberty unites with a new quantity of iron, and the nascent hydrogen of the water finding nitrogen in solution in the moisture, unites with it and forms ammonia.

Animal matters burned under exclusion from the air, give off a considerable quantity of the carbonate of ammonia. This is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and produces the sal-ammoniac of commerce.

Ammonia is obtained in a gaseous form by mixing powdered sal-ammoniac with about an equal quantity of dry slaked lime, and heating it in a retort having a bent tube.

The gas is abundantly discharged, and may be collected in the common way over mercury in a trough. Ammonia is a colorless gas of a very pungent odor, causing tears to flow freely. It is a powerful alkali, and neutralizes strong acids, such as sulphuric, &c. In water it is very soluble and being mixed with it, is called aqua-ammonia. Under a pressure of five atmospheres, it becomes liquid; it extinguishes the light of a candle, and does not burn under ordinary circumstances; if breathed undiluted it is fatal to life. It is very valuable as a liquid, and is employed to give that pungent odor to what are termed smelling salts. The producing of tears, which is a peculiarity of onions, is attributable to ammonia. In the destructive distillation of bituminous coal in making gas, a quantity is produced which has all to be removed, for it detracts from its illuminating properties. This is done by a water cooler, a vessel through which the gas passes before it goes into the retaining tanks and pipes for distribution. It would be well for agricultural chemists to devote their attention to the artificial production of a cheap ammoniacal salt, as the Lobos Islands are not yet free property for all the world.—Scientific American.

A Good Wife.

A good wife is one who puts her husband in at the pleasant side of the bed, and tucks him up to keep him warm in the winter—splits the kindling wood—makes the fire in the morning—washes her husband's face, and draws on his boots for him—never scolds—never suffers a hole to remain in his stockings or his pantaloons—keeps her shoes up at the heel, and her stockings darned—never wonders what her husband sees interesting in the pretty chambermaid—never slams the door loud when her husband is speaking—and always reproves the children when they eat up their father's supper.

Stick to Your Own Business.

Let speculators make their thousands in a year or a day, mind your own regular trade; never turning from it, to the right hand or to the left. If you are a merchant a professional man, or a mechanic, never buy lots or stock, unless you have surplus money which you wish to invest. Your own business you understand as well as other men; but other people's you don't understand. Let your own business be one which benefits the community. All occupations possess the elements of profit in themselves, while mere speculation has no such elements.

"How does the razor cut?" said a barber while shaving one of his customers.

"Pretty well, I should think, seeing as how you have cut me in two places already."

The Bible Reading Slave.

The Bible Society Record of this week publishes the following interesting article from a correspondent in North Carolina:

Some time since, while traveling in North Carolina, in consequence of my buggy breaking down in a lonely place, I was obliged to return for some miles with a rail, in place of a wheel, to the establishment of a large planter, the owner of several hundred slaves. When I arrived, the planter and family being from home, I was obliged to take up my abode with the overseer, a kind and obliging man. It was soon rumored among the negroes that a preacher was at the overseer's, which excited no little interest. At an early hour in the evening a large number of slaves came around the house to see the preacher, shake hands with him, and ask if he would pray with and for them at the house of the overseer.

Among the crowd was an old man about eighty years old, who made a profession of religion in the year 1791. He is looked upon as a kind of patriarch among the negroes. When introduced to me, he remarked, "I understand you are a Bible agent—and I am a Bible reading slave—I wish you great success—the Bible has been a great blessing to me. When I was brought to see my condition as a lost sinner, I did not know one letter of the alphabet, but, by exertion and perseverance, I learned to read. The Bible has been my daily companion for about fifty years."

His knowledge of the Bible appeared to be general and accurate. He delighted much in the character and work of the Redeemer. His views of the plan of redemption were clear and Scriptural. His hope was bright and animating. When asked if he could do anything to procure his own salvation, he replied promptly, "No. Man cannot convert himself to God or persevere in the ways of righteousness, without the aid of divine grace."

He supported his views of doctrines and experience, by bringing forward numerous and appropriate passages of God's Holy Word. He rejoiced much that his salvation was not in his own hands, and depended not upon his own righteousness, but that believers are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

After a long and interesting conversation with this Bible reading slave, as many of the negroes as could get into the house, and many who stood around it, joined in prayer to God, and rendered thanks for the blessings of the day.

All the morning we had prayers again, and all the negroes who desired were permitted to attend.

M. S.

What a Boy can Do.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, a little fellow fell in with an old salt, who was shivering with three sheets in the wind.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the tar, and the little chap hauled up alongside. "Where may be the Seaman's Mansion?"

The lad proffered to show him; and they held along together; the sailor steering very widely; sometimes hard up as though he had struck a heavy sea, and then yawing off to the right or the left as the case might be.

"I am not exactly water-logged," said he, "but have took too much of a deck load on, and my tophammer is rather heavy for my ballast, eh! A little too much of the critter aboard—hie! you understand. Shun the rum, the blue ruin, my little man, as you'd avoid Timbuctoo. Shiver my tassets! but it has been the ruin of me—Here I have got a wife and two little ones—none a youngster about the same age as yourself—in Boston, and some property besides; but the Devil has placed a barrier between us in the shape of a can of grog. Shun the critter, my lad, as you'd shun a pestilence."

The lad promised to bear in mind his advice, and then asked why he did not sign the Temperance pledge.

"And where may that Temperance pledge be found?" inquired he.

His young comrade informed him that there was to be a Temperance meeting at the Exchange that evening, and offered to go with him if he would sign the pledge.

"I'll go; come in here, my little one, (by this time they had arrived opposite the Seaman's Mansion) and take supper with me. As soon as we have got ballast in, we'll haul up for this said temperance meeting. Stave in my bulwarks if we won't."

The little fellow stuck to him, and as soon as supper was over went to the Temperance meeting where the old salt signed the pledge. As he did so, he remarked, that whenever he was tempted to drink, he would think of that little boy's care for his welfare. We doubt not that the warm-hearted old tar will keep the pledge so long as his "timbers hold together." The next day he went away to sea; not forgetting to call upon his juvenile friend before his departure. And he assured him that he would seek his wife and family on his return. So much for the influence of a child.—Portland Bulletin.

The History of the Cotton Plant.

We are able to trace the history of the diffusion of the cotton plant and cotton with a tolerable degree of probability.—Before the birth of Christ the cultivation of the plant and the use of cotton for clothing was probably confined to India.—Herodotus, who lived in the fifth century before Christ, reports that the Indians had a plant which bore, instead of fruit, a wool like that of sheep, but finer and better, of which they made clothes; and Arrian narrates that the Indians made their clothes of a fine white kind of flax, which grew on trees. Other nations do not seem to have cultivated the plant at that time, or even to have used cotton; at all events, only exceptionally, as a rare and expensive stuff. Thus it is assumed that the precious material called byssus, spoken of among the Jews, was cotton. The growth of cotton and its use seem to have become diffused shortly after the birth of Christ.—Strabo (in the first century of our era) speaks of cotton being cultivated and manufactured in Susiana, on the Persian Gulf; and Pliny mentions that the plant was cultivated, not only in India, but in Upper Egypt, and says that the Egyptian priests used the material there grown for clothing. In all probability the Arabs brought the cultivation of cotton into Europe. In the time of Mahomet the use of cotton was general among them. Although there existed at a very early period a trade in cotton goods from India to Europe, which took place partly by way of Constantinople, and partly by way of Egypt, which trade became generally extended, still the use of cotton stuffs was very limited throughout the middle ages; and although there was cotton manufacturing in Granada in the thirteenth century, in Venice in the fourteenth century, in Flanders in the sixteenth century, and lastly in England in the seventeenth century, (at least of stuffs in which the wool was of cotton); these manufactures were inconsiderable in Europe till after the middle of the last century. Few cotton goods were in use, and most of these were imported from India and China. It was in itself improbable that it could be made so easy to manufacture cotton manufactures in Europe, for the Indians and Chinese had brought these branches of manufacture to a considerable degree of perfection, the transport of the raw material from such distant regions necessarily increased the price of the manufactured article, while the cost of labor is extremely low in India on account of the few necessities of the natives, and the small price of them. Yet the reverse has come to pass. The cotton manufacture has risen to an extraordinary pitch in Europe, and above all in England; in fact, to such a point has it come, that in spite of the low price of labor in India and China, which amounts to only one-tenth the cost of labor in England, and in spite of the distant transport, no inconsiderable quantities of cotton stuffs are exported from Europe to India and China. In the year 1832 cotton manufactures to the value of £1,500,000 sterling were exported from England to those countries.

English Magazine.

Shade Trees.

But few farmers are inclined to beautify the vicinity of their residences with a sufficient number of shade trees, and those who are seeking localities, willingly pay advanced prices for such as supply building spots well protected by shade trees. Our ancestors, in some cases, have placed us under a debt to posterity, and each farmer should contribute to its liquidation. To see a square-ended bare house is indicative of a mean, sordid disposition. A few square feet of land may be spared from more active cultivation for lawns, shade trees, &c., for both health and comfort are advanced by such practice. It is useless to argue at this date that mere matters of ornament are useless to the farmer. It is true that Queen Elizabeth breakfasted on beef steaks and ale, without the appendage of a knife and fork; but because her majesty so breakfasted, it is no argument why any farmer's daughter at this time should partake of a similar meal. Because our fathers left our house bare of shade, we should not follow so had a development of taste. A road-side properly shaded, gives an increased value to the adjacent farms, and if each would contribute his quota to this improvement, the interest of all would be advanced. We would have the thanks of the weary traveler, and many a tired beast would be benefited by an afternoon shade. A desert-like absence of shade trees is reprehensible, and denotes a slovenly neighborhood.

We are glad to see that some of the agricultural societies are giving premiums to the persons planting the greatest number of shade trees. How often do we see pasture fields, which within a few years had been denuded of every tree, when a few might have been left with profit, as a protection to animals against a noon day sun.

Facts for the Agriculturist.

The following facts are derived from Prof. Johnston's "Lectures on Practical Agriculture":

1. In this climate the temperature rises to 100 degrees Fahrenheit five feet below the surface, and to 140 degrees half an inch below it—facts which, he says, he learned himself with surprise. He uses them to illustrate the economy of nature in promoting vegetation.

2. The sun-beam is composed of three distinct and separate rays, one of light, one of heat, and one called the chemical ray. These three agencies exist in different proportions in the sun-beam in the spring, summer, and autumn. The blue or chemical ray is greater in the spring; the light ray in the summer. The chemical ray is less in autumn, and then the heating ray predominates. The proportions of these rays vary in different seasons of the year, in order that the growing plant may arrive at maturity. It has also been ascertained that the proportions of these agents vary in different climates.

3. It has been ascertained that the flower of a plant absorbs more heat than the other parts, and the dark more than the light; and hence it is inferred that the color of a flower is what determines the quantity of heat it requires, and the amount which nature supplies.

4. Drainage is as necessary in dry and sandy as in wet soils. If soil is merely burnt up by drought, and you suppose the roots to descend only to the depth of about three inches, it is obvious that the heat of the summer dries up the roots. But if by drainage you open up the soil three feet deep, so that the rain, instead of flowing off the surface, descends through the soil thus made pervious to it, the roots will grow deeper, and while the upper surface is dry, the drought does not reach the roots, which are thus enabled to live longer than they otherwise would."

5. Tobacco is a crop which contains much mineral matter. Suppose an acre to yield 800 lbs. these 800 lbs. will contain about 160 lbs. of mineral matter which is carried off by the crop, and in this way the land will be exhausted. In four years 600 lbs. of mineral matter would be carried off from an acre of tobacco land. It is the duty of the farmer to supply the mineral matter thus specially exhausted, if he wishes to sustain the soil.

6. There are certain parts of every portion of every animal removed every day, and a quantity of new material put in its place. Hence the animal should have a constant supply, in order that this daily waste may be made up. An animal requires, to sustain its body in good condition, or to supply what is called the sustaining food, about one-sixtieth part of its own weight daily. If you wish to increase its size, or enable it to work, you must give more. If you feed for milk, twice the quantity.

7. It will be found that soil and the plant contain nearly the same substances, the only one not in the plant being alumina. The mechanical function of alumina in the soil is to anchor the plant. Its tenacity is its available property. Some plants grow in mere sand, but the great majority of them require a certain degree of tenacity in the soil, which is obtained by mixing silica with clay. This alumina does not enter into the plant, but only gives to the soil the tenacity necessary to retain the plant.

Tortures of the Female Sex.

ANOTHER hundred years ago a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance; occasioning of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins and pinners, had been reared on the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising. In more recent times we have seen the entire sex submitting to torture in the waist, with an equal degree of magnanimity. Or, taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts the fair martyrs act as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. In a form of bonnet for summer wear the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun. A great number find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of silks, called "an ugly." A couple of inches added to the bonnet itself would serve the end.—Chambers Journal.

Genies.

It is known by the power it possesses of overcoming resistance. It is a great contradictory power, which determines to change the face of things—a power which, disgusted with error, commences a search after truth—which, impatient at travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, determines to travel at the rate of forty, and accomplishes its task—a power which, dissatisfied with merely looking at the moon with the naked eye, invents the telescopic eye.

